UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Judge Merritt W. Pinckney

Rev. LEWIS B. FISHER
Judge VICTOR ARNOLD
Rabbi EMIL G. HIRSCH
JANE ADDAMS

The Political and Financial Conference at Spa

By FRANCIS NEILSON

Applied Psychology

Reviews by FREDERICK STARR

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXV THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1920 Number 18

DON QUIXOTE.

He challenged life with dreams, and armed with zest
  Tilted the facts of earth in mad delight;
  Untamed by failure, ignorant of fright;
Riding about in never-yielding quest
Of wonders which his soul alone possessed;
  Illumining with visionary light
  A world enslaved by sense. . . . Alas, poor knight!
Victorious facts have turned him to a jest.

And yet, the world may laugh; dreams never die.
  To them who find no rest, like him, from strife
    For that millennium sweet Shelley sings,
To them his pathos is a living cry
  That man is more than dreamless dust, and life
    A glorious incongruity of things.

The Stratford Journal. —*Joseph L. Freeman.*

A news item in a contemporary religious paper states that "the Southern Baptists believe that the collapse of Bolshevism in Russia is near, and when the debacle comes, plan to be ready to enter with a vigorous missionary propaganda." It is surely the part of wisdom for them to wait until the "collapse" has occurred; otherwise the missionary propaganda might work in the opposite direction, as it has so often done in that curious country, and the Southern Baptists become Bolshevists instead of the Bolshevists becoming Baptists. Q.

An editorial writer in a recent number of *The Universalist Leader* has, in commenting on the Inter-Church Movement, written certain sentences that deserve wide and permanent publicity, quite apart from their original context. Speaking of another writer who believes that "if the Inter-church Movement fails, the only means of saving civilization will fail," the *Leader* says that "if civilization is as weak and rotten as that, it is not worth saving," and then goes on to the enunciation of these splendid truths:

> Civilization is only the symbol of how far Humanity has read and thought the thought of God after him, and Humanity is neither illiterate nor unintelligent. No man can have any idea what real universalism means as a working faith without realizing that Humanity is stronger than its own weaknesses, wiser than its own mistakes, diviner than its own dreams. It can feed on manna and turn back into the wilderness to worship a golden calf. It can eat husks and find its way back home to God. Q.

Almost daily some new detail is added to the horror of war's aftermath. Now it is the statement of the War Risk Insurance Bureau that although the Red Cross at present has 50,000 shell-shock cases under its care, the Bureau estimates that the "peak-load of war-nerves will not be reached until 1927 and probably not until 1929." And still there is talk of the glory of war and its stimulating and ennobling effects upon the lives of its victims! One wonders how many generations it will take to eradicate the disintegrating and deteriorating effects of the war from the bodies, minds and spirits of the descendants of those who saw its horrors and took part in its brutalities. Q.

One hardly expects to find the *Saturday Evening Post* in the ranks of the advocates of peace, yet the following statement in a recent issue by its editor, George Horace Lorimer, perhaps may be but another indication of the rapidity with which hatred of war and determination to prevent future wars is spreading even among some of the most ardent supporters of the last war. Mr. Lorimer writes:

> War is a state of mind. If all the people who are going up and down the world declaring that there always will be wars, and that we must get ready for the next war, would maintain that another war was unthinkable and impossible, we should soon be headed up the road toward universal peace.

Another instance of the same thing is the reported statement of Lord Robert Cecil, further insisting upon the power of public opinion to prevent war:

> Public opinion would be sufficient to insure at least that any future war would be reduced to a single dispute, that is, that there would never be another war like the last war. If we had had a conference on the reply of Serbia to Austria, in 1914, and had not allowed these countries to fight for a set period, there would have been no war. If the situation had been known to the world, no nation could have forced its people to fight. Q.

Assistant Attorney General Stewart, in response to a protest against the continued practice of manacling prisoners to the bars of their cells for eight hours a day for many days in succession, as a punishment for infraction of prison rules, states that "the Department is entirely satisfied with this form of punishment and contemplates no change." The War Department after repeated protests and after it was amply proven that this form of torture had no effect in breaking the will of objectors and other political prisoners, abolished the practice. We were of the impression that the vigorous campaigns in prison reform that have been carried on during the past ten or twenty years had abolished these forms of cruelty. We also seem to recall something in the constitution about the infliction of "cruel and unusual punishments"—*against* them, we mean—but apparently the Attorney General of the United States is beyond the reach of constitutions and reforms. At any rate it is some consolation to learn that these cruelties are adding impetus to the movement for the release of all political prisoners. Q.

The Christian Century of June 20 prints an interesting article on "The Psychology of Prayer," by John W. Buckham, which seems to place the approval of the psychologists upon the use of prayer. The writer believes the sub-conscious mind to be of great importance in this as in other phases of the life of the individual, and considers it the medium whereby communion with the "wider self" may be had. "Auto-suggestion," he quotes Professor Rufus M. Jones as saying, "may be only another way of saying that God and man are conjunct in the soul and that, in the depths of the soul, beyond our power of knowing how, divine suggestions come to human consciousness." Mr. Buckham believes that "we can no longer regard ourselves as wholly understandable, static entities, with narrowly limited memories, capacities and relationships. A spark disturbs our clod and lights up vast chambers within each of us, of whose existence we are but dimly aware." It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Buckham's definition of prayer does not include the pleading for a "mechanical granting of petitions." He defines it, rather, as "co-operant spiritual activity in a realm of immeasurable spiritual and even physical potencies." His closing paragraph suggests again the idea of the evolving God, so well presented in these columns not long ago in Mr. Holmes' sermon, "Does God Know His Own Mind?" Mr. Buckham says:

> In this conception of prayer as co-operant—in which we are workers together with God—there is a sense in which we may say without irreverence not only that God helps us but that we may help him, through prayer. Prayer, that is, according to this conception, is a force in the spiritual realm just as truly as heat or electricity are forces in the physical realm. It is a force which may be generated, so to speak, in the individual soul in alliance with God, and thus set in motion in the personal world an incomputable train of influences and effects.
>
> When prayer is viewed in this light it can no longer be said: "Prayer is of value only as it leads to action." For true prayer is action—"noble, sublime, godlike action"—helpful, holy, transforming action, and by it "more things are wrought than this world dreams of." Ω.

LaFollette's Magazine for June in a trenchant editorial entitled "Bribed Into Silence," seeks to give publicity to the very startling transportation problems that face the American people today, claiming that the large amount of advertising space used by the railroads in both the daily and periodical press at the time of the passage of the Esch-Cummins Law returning the railroads to private ownership, was not entirely for the purpose of converting the public to that measure, but also to secure the silence of the press. And the press is still silent in the face of conditions which *LaFollette's* describes as follows:

> Since the railroads have gone back to private control, traffic conditions have grown steadily worse until now prosperity has come to a halt and we are threatened with an industrial panic. The railroads are strangling industry. Idle men will follow. Hunger and starvation may come next.
>
> There is not a business man, a chamber of commerce nor a large newspaper but knows the tense situation, and they know that at no time in the country's history have transportation troubles been so acute save for the complete breakdown of the roads during the war, necessitating government operation.
>
> Already because of the shortage in transportation, coal has gone up from $2 to $7 per ton. The poor will shiver and shake when the chill blasts of winter come. Little children and old men and women will die miserably to pay Wall Street pawns. This is no idle dream. Go to your coal man and find out for yourself. . . .
>
> The greatest economic crime against the welfare of the people in the life of this nation was the passage of the Esch-Cummins bill. Ω.

We suggest to those scientists who like to pry into the methods of operation of the human mind that they investigate the system by which the great intellects at Washington determine which of the War Acts shall remain operative and which shall not. Political and other war prisoners cannot be released. Periodicals held up under the Espionage Act are still unmailed. But the private consumer is now paying thirty cents a pound or more for whatever small quantity of sugar his grocer or his pocketbook will permit him to purchase, while on the statute books still remains the same act under which the Sugar Equalization Board purchased the entire Cuban sugar crop of 1918 at 5½ cents per pound, this act, moreover, having been continued by this Congress until December 31, 1920. The 1919 crop was repeatedly offered to this Board by those in charge of it in Cuba, at 6½ cents per pound. The offer was withdrawn only after the Attorney General fixed the price of Louisiana sugar at 17 and 18 cents per pound. Why did this Board, of which, by the way, Mr. Herbert Hoover is chairman, fail to purchase it? Why did President Wilson accept the recommendation of one member of the Board against its purchase instead of the opinion of the seven other members who urged its purchase? It would also be interesting to have this Board explain why, in January, 1920, it cancelled its former order fixing the price of sugar to the consumer at ten cents per pound. Incidentally the total sum out of which in a single year the sugar profiteer has cheated the American people, as figured by Congressman Browne of Wisconsin in a recent article, is one billion, twelve million dollars, or something like a hundred million apiece for the dozen or so men who control the business. Ω.

The Political and Financial Conference at Spa

What has become of all the fine plans of the reconstructionists? A year or so ago we were treated to as fine a lot of high-sounding speeches on the improvement of conditions of life for the people that ever rose from the platforms of any land. Chambers of commerce and philanthropic societies vied with one another in putting forth far-reaching schemes of reconstruction. We hear little about them now. The

orators are silent, the legislators are dumb, so far as proposal or plan of carrying into practice any of the fine notions that were prevalent a year ago are concerned. Wise men knew then that all the noise and bluster would pass away and leave nothing in its wake —nothing of betterment. And now after leaving economic and industrial conditions pretty much on the old basis, we find after nearly two years of peace, that the economic, financial and industrial evils that were with us constantly before the War have, as a consequence of war, been aggravated an hundredfold, in some cases a thousandfold, and that we are faced today with problems that will tax the controlling powers of government to the very utmost in any attempt that may be made in the direction of palliation. A list of problems, as it might be compiled by a statistician for a department of sociology, would run to such a length in separate designations that were we to dream of publishing it we should have to double the number of our pages. Still there are some problems which affect the next generation so directly, so urgently, problems which threaten the physique and stamina of the race, that we feel no time should be lost in presenting some aspects of these grave matters to the attention of our politicians while they are formulating the policies which their candidates will have to present to the people next autumn. But first, there is the enormous problem of international finance to be dealt with, and this takes precedence because no effective reform, no real work of reconstruction can be undertaken until agreement upon it is reached. There is to be a gathering of the financial clans of the world at Spa, in Belgium, a famous watering place, on June the 21st. We are informed that the British Mission will stay at the Hôtel Balmoral and Mr. Lloyd George with Baron de Crahwez, brother of the Burgomaster of Spa. The American Mission will be at the Hôtel Rosette. The conference will take place in the Château de la Francaise, the residence of M. Pelzer-Craux. The headquarters of the simple-minded taxpayer has not yet been decided. In all probability he will not be able to attend the conference because of the high cost of hotel accommodations. It is quite unlikely he will be taken in as a guest at the palatial residence of Baron de Crahwez.

Notwithstanding all the planning and scheming that has been done by the great international bankers for the past twelve months in their efforts to bring about this conference, I am of the opinion that the conclave of finance will lead to no solution of the economic difficulties in which the people of the world are placed. It is not to be expected the members of the conference will face the root of the problem. All they can hope for is a pooling of interests and extension of time. The conference will undoubtedly call for a reduction of some expenditures and higher taxation on some incomes. They will call for industrial peace and greater production. They will, however, assemble with one question uppermost in their minds, and that will be when and how paper can be redeemed.

Now paper can be redeemed only by the production of wealth, for, under our economic system, paper must be regarded as a lien upon produce. In plain words, to meet the cost of this war the industrial efforts of several generations have been mortgaged.

To what extent, then, must the cost of government be reduced to meet in any adequate manner the difficulties which face financiers today? In the list of expenditures of the governments of the Allies there stands first as an annual charge the cost of armaments. The simple-minded taxpayer, if he were admitted to the Conference, would naturally put his finger on this item in the expense account and ask governments to turn their attention immediately to speedy and drastic reduction, and to give up at once all their mad adventures round and about Russia. The simple-minded taxpayer would urge many reasons for this suggestion. In all probability, if he were called before the international Conference to assist their deliberations, he would say, "There is now little or no need for the enormous cost of armaments for militarism is overthrown." He might remind the Conference of the solemn promises the leading statesmen of the Allies made before the war in excuse for their gigantic expenditures on armaments, excuses used during the war for its prolongation. Lord Fisher himself imagined that the overthrow of Germany would enable the British government to reduce the income tax to threepence in the pound. The estimates, however, for the navies of the four great maritime powers which have assisted Lord Fisher and Great Britain in their laudable ambition to reduce the income tax show no indication of a return to pre-war expenditure. No hope can be given by the Conference to the simple-minded taxpayer of reaching that state of bliss which he tolerated when Germany was a menace to the peace of the world.

Not only will the Conference have to consider the necessities of the vast aggregations of non-producers drawn into the services and their auxiliary departments, but they will have to give very careful attention to the mighty international interests concerned with the production of coal, oil, iron, steel, nickel and a hundred and one other indispensable products which make for efficiency in overthrowing militarism. Probably the simple-minded taxpayer does not know that the great wizards of international finance are very largely concerned in the industries that receive enormous returns for products that are vitally necessary for defensive purposes. It is a pity that patriotism is not always a self-denying ordinance, and that patriots engaged in the production of metals cannot,

because of the economic system, reveal in a practical manner their true desire to offer their services without undue compensation; but, of course, we must not expect too much yet awhile from those who with unselfish zeal will keep a watchful eye upon our hearths so that we may enjoy unmolested the blessings of our Christian lot.

The simple-minded taxpayer might point out the amazing disproportion of non-producers engaged in the civil departments of the governments to wealth-producers, and that an enormous reduction in expenditure could be made by liberating tens of thousands of estimable ladies and gentlemen who at present may be fretting their lives away in government offices, there sighing for the emolument and remuneration which might be gained in productive spheres of activity. It would be a suggestion worth consideration now that we have removed the menace of German bureaucracy. It was a menace heartily disliked by every high-minded Ally; indeed it would have been very difficult to find, two years ago, an Allied financier or statesmen who had a good word to say for it. It was expensive, subversive of initiative in production, and fostered an arbitrary disposition in the conduct of human affairs. Its motto was "verboten." But that is all past and gone, and, though it cost a terrible sum of blood and money to remove it, and, incidentally, forced our governments to adopt methods which bore a likeness to it in some respects, utterly different in principle, however, we may now safely return to the pre-war ratio of officials to subjects.

The Conference will, however, in dealing with this suggestion from the simple-minded taxpayer have to proceed with caution. Reduction in this respect is not quite so simple as it looks. The first point that must be considered is that of throwing out so many people as a drastic reduction would entail upon the labor market, where unrest and disaffection are prevalent. Naturally the Conference would be inclined to favor the reduction in wage which would presumably follow a larger supply of labor, but then the members of the Conference may have to choose between a decrease in wages and an increase in unrest and its concomitant evils. On the whole, it may be better for the simple-minded taxpayer not to press the governments too far in this matter of reducing the number of officials while their political prospects are clouded with uncertainty. The state of the parties in so many countries seem to reflect the symptoms of the labor market. But after all, the members of the Conference may be left to decide this question with full consideration of what is due from them in the interests of government; besides, not a few of the members will understand perfectly well all the ramifications of the political situation.

The question of higher taxation will gravely disturb every member of the Conference, for there will not be a member who is ignorant of any phase or grade of any taxing system in vogue with allied governments. The Conference will indeed be a gathering of the experts, and any suggestions that the simple-minded taxpayer might offer on the question of higher taxation will seem to them "like carrying coals to Newcastle." Of course, they will be prepared to meet all emergencies, the emergencies of suggestion. If the simple-minded taxpayer should suggest a levy on capital, the Conference will be ready to meet it with every objection the expert can think of. Should a suggestion be made to reduce all taxes on small incomes, so that the purchasing power of the vast majority of consumers might enable them to purchase more products, the Conference will be prepared to meet it with the demand for less taxation on the large incomes, from which capital—so urgently needed for the development of our industries—is drawn and replenished. Besides, the Conference will feel that the very simple-minded taxpayer must contribute his share to the expense of defending his native land from the menace of militarism and bureaucracy. They will point out the necessity of levying taxation patriotically. In the words of the loan orator, "No one shall escape!"

The situation is difficult, difficult for the Conference, difficult for the simple-minded taxpayer, for we are all cast adrift on oceans of paper without the rudder of statesmanship and the chart of the economist. The authority of experience will have no influence upon our financial masters. What happened in the past will carry no lesson to them. All they can possibly glean from the history of such crises is that the new republics of America and France somehow muddled through their financial difficulties, and that Great Britain, after Napoleonic wars, survived the terrible financial ordeal, even after the Bank of England was forced to close its doors. Muddle through, struggle through, wriggle through, as the Siamese Prince said in a debate at Oxford when dealing with British statesmanship. But the simple-minded taxpayer of this day has many misgivings as he surveys the financial and commercial future, and he wonders, now that he has nothing to fear from German militarism and bureaucracy, how his hearth and home are to be protected against the vengeance of economic laws which have been violated so long.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

GOD'S GARDEN.

The years are flowers and bloom within
  Eternity's wide garden;
The rose of joy, the thorn of sin,
  The gardener God, to pardon
All wilding growths, to prune, reclaim,
And make them rose-like in His name.

—*Richard Burton.*

CONTRIBUTED

Judge Merritt W. Pinckney

Stern was he in the battle for the right,
With foot that faltered not though hard the path.
The fire of love for man that warmed his soul
Against all wrong could flame with virtuous wrath.

Yet gentle was he as a little child;
And, in his tender, sympathetic heart,
Weakness and sorrow found a hiding place;
No pang of others, but he felt the smart.

* * *

We'll hide his loving memory in our hearts;
We'll follow in the pathway that he trod;
We'll make each day another step upon
The stairway leading up to him and God.

M. J. S.

The cause of civic righteousness in Chicago has lost a valiant champion in the going hence of Judge Merritt W. Pinckney whose death on June 7 brought sorrow to so many hearts. The children have lost a wise and tender friend who looked back of the delinquent child to the causes which contributed to his delinquency, and who was tireless in his efforts to bring about better conditions for the youth of this growing city. Judge Pinckney's fame as judge of the Chicago Juvenile Court is international, and the world is his debtor for the reforms which his far-seeing vision made possible.

In the nearer circle, UNITY, All Souls Church and Abraham Lincoln Centre lost a distinguished, loyal and valued friend and supporter. Judge and Mrs. Pinckney had been members and officers of All Souls Church since its early days and were deeply interested in the erection of the Abraham Lincoln Centre and were liberal supporters of its work.

UNITY tenders its sympathy to the wife, counsellor and friend whose clear brain, fine poise and loving heart were ever an inspiration back of the judge's bench and a quiet though unseen power in all the things which he accomplished.

The funeral service was held at St. Paul's Universalist Church on the Midway, Dr. Lewis B. Fisher officiating, and was attended by a large proportion of the members of Chicago's bench and bar as well as by many other friends. A beautiful musical service was given by Miss Jennie F. W. Johnson and Mr. Charles Lee Cocke, soloist and organist of All Souls Church. Miss Johnson sang, "The Lord Is Mindful of His Own" from Mendelssohn's Oratorio of St. Paul, "Evensong" by Mary Artemisia Lathbury, and the All Souls Benediction written by Althea Ogden.

Some of those who had been associated in various ways with Judge Pinckney in his civic work came to pay final tribute to their beloved fellow worker, and some excerpts from their remarks, for which we are indebted to the stenographic report of the service made by Miss May Johnson of Abraham Lincoln Centre, will serve better than anything we can say to show the esteem and love in which he was held and the unique value of his service to the children of the world.

Dr. Fisher in opening the service spoke of his lifelong friendship with Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the loved and honored pastor of Judge and Mrs. Pinckney, whom Dr. Fisher himself came to know when he was temporarily taking Mr. Jones's place at Lincoln Centre. Dr. Fisher said in part:

"Judge Pinckney was born in the year in which Charles Darwin and Alfred Russell Wallace gave to the world their versions of the law of Evolution, and this theory was of great importance in shaping the religious and social thought of Judge Pinckney. He looked for God not up in the sky only but also in the heart of a little child or in the things around him, in the experiences he had with his fellowmen. In the midnight spaces, the cosmic mysteries, the study of the atom, in all these things he found law as the way the Eternal expresses himself in the outward world. He believed that the code of human law which he loved and studied and tried to enforce should somehow grow to be like the cosmic law. . . . He saw law in the world without, every atom of which is controlled by what we call natural law. He was not afraid of that universe. He knew that we shall never go anywhere where law does not prevail, law in continuous progression and change. For thirty-five years of his life he knew the reality of the law of suffering. Yet he liked that kind of an ordered world more than a world of chaos, even when it let him suffer so mysteriously.

"So he loved human law. He did not pursue it for selfish or base purposes. He thought the system of law ought to protect property, but not for property's sake; the code of law should protect personality above all the property in land or home or hearthstone. Property is the means; personality the end. The child, the father, the mother—I fancy that was the only trinity that the Judge knew anything about and to that he gave his life. If Jesus was right in naming those as his right-hand men who "did it to the least of these," then Judge Pinckney was and is religious.

"Judge Pinckney knew the other thing in the universe, too, and that is Love. Love expresses itself in personality; he found it in a little child. He did not gaze into the sky for love; he gazed into a human face; into human needs and struggles, and he found love there. And in this universe of law and love he was not afraid. He trusted himself to the great, kindly, on-going universe of God. What a wonderful adventure it is to fare forth to the unknown in absolute confidence that nowhere will the law and the love of the universe fail.

"Nothing can take from us the memory and the fellowship of these sixty-one years. Through our tears we shall thank God for that great and precious memory. Suffering all sorts of pain, yet there was never a moment in his life, when he could stand at all, but that any call or demand for the rights of the little child brought him to his feet. So we are here tonight not in any hopeless sorrow but with a kind of holy joy, a joy too deep for tears, that now and then a man, in spite of pain, bearing the burden of it all, can love and does love and will love forever and forever."

Judge Victor Arnold, who now sits upon the Juvenile Court Bench, then spoke of the touching demonstration he had witnessed that day of the love, loyalty and affection felt for Judge Pinckney by the officers of the Juvenile Court, even after his enforced absence from the work of the last four years.

"Judge Pinckney accepted, in 1908, an assignment to the Juvenile Court by his fellow judges of the Circuit

Court and he sat in the Juvenile Court and administered its affairs until May of 1916. He was the third judge of the Court and it fell to him, under the ruling of the Supreme Court of this state, to organize the Juvenile Court of Cook County as it had never been organized before, and to him we of the community,—yes, of the nation also, because Judge Pinckney was a national character,—owe this achievement. And the testimony in this case before the Supreme Court stands today as the standard of child welfare in the United States and probably the world.

"Another great constructive step was taken when, through the foresight of our distinguished brother, probation officers, who, prior to that time had been appointed, were selected under a merit system. Through his great foresight and love of children and recognition of the fact that a child's welfare and cause is so important that a person to have the supervision of a child must have that child's welfare at heart, Judge Pinckney conceived and worked out his plan of selecting a probation officer under a merit system, which I have seen presented to the legislature of other states.

"Another great step taken in connection with this court was in regard to the trials or hearings or inquiries into the cases of unfortunate girls. Judge Pinckney again recognized a man's weakness in that perhaps a man could not feel the same sympathy and have the same thought for girls that had fallen as could a woman. And so came the Woman Assistant to the Judge of the Juvenile Court.

"I know what Judge Pinckney's standards were because I have tried hard to live up to some standards and some marks he made. There was nothing so important in Judge Pinckney's life as to give the care and thought and attention to the little child that it needed. Always the great issue in every case of every child was the constructive thing for the welfare of the child. And I am satisfied from what I know, that Judge Pinckney's name will always be closely, very closely, associated with this court and with the welfare of children not only here but throughout the world. His work is followed, copied and studied by representatives from all over the world.

"I think perhaps the greatest tribute that could be paid anyone is that he was the friend of the child, and I feel that with the departure of Judge Pinckney, humanity has lost a great friend."

Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, a life-long worker for the civic betterment and social reform, also paid loving tribute to the work Judge Pinckney had accomplished. He said in part:

"It was one of my happiest experiences to have been associated with Judge Pinckney during the days when his fertile mind and rich heart devised the scheme of organizing the probation service of the community on a new basis, the merit basis. He called me and other men together to be the first examining board and we read the examination papers and made our recommendations, much to the chagrin of certain political parties and factions. But upon our recommendation, which was unanimous, he appointed the chief probation officer, and the system then inaugurated has been kept in force ever since. It makes me feel today that it has been worth while to be in this community when this great organizer and great lover of children put the service on the new and better basis.

"Not merely then but throughout his official career, Judge Pinckney stood a tower of strength against any tendency to corruption in public life. Not merely a pro-testant, Judge Pinckney worked at a sacrifice to himself against crookedness and brutality, against those who had the power and did not use it as they should. He won the fight. He is one of those who make us all hopeful of the ultimate triumph of democracy—that in spite of evil, a democracy will always produce men who will recognize the evil and change it for the better. In a democracy there are always some who somehow or other have the spirit to stand in the community the embodiment of all that is true, noble and just, and are the organs of justice and nobility, of civic pride and civic righteousness. That was the fundamental note in his ambition, to show that civic righteousness is not merely a dream to be commented upon in Sunday School but is a pole star for conduct.

"So in our neighborhood here and throughout the whole community wherever there was a call for men to come together and think what might be done to deepen the foundations of civic spirit and love of community, to deepen it by an accented sense of responsibility, the first response would be from our dear Judge Pinckney.

"You have heard from Dr. Fisher that the Judge was closely associated with Lincoln Centre and therefore I too can claim him to have been mine, for Sinai Center and Lincoln Centre are twin institutions, sisters in faith and purpose, in consecrated ambition. What the teacher, Mr. Jones, had in mind was the production of character, the formation of character, and Judge Pinckney was a running commentary on the effectiveness of such teaching. Whenever I met Mr. Jones and we compared notes and were inclined to feel discouraged, Mr. Jones would invariably say: 'Well, Hirsch, don't give up. I have Judge Pinckney among my people and you must have some one filled with the same spirit of love for humanity as Judge Pinckney.'

"The man who would be a friend to the child must above all have faith in human character, faith in the destiny of human nature, faith in the possibility of remoulding and reforming human nature. Judge Pinckney had this faith, and this supreme faith enabled him to be what he was, a father to the fatherless, a guide to them that had no guide. He was not alone an interpreter of stern law but a messenger and prophet of reviving and rekindling love, and that faith shows me that his religion was the religion of human justice. The Judge had faith in remoulding in the child the divine and the human, following the teachings of the one who 'set a little child in their midst.'

"He came to know children and his very presence acted upon them as the sun's rays act upon the fields waiting for the vitalizing and stimulating power of the heavens above. No one can enter the Juvenile Court without coming to the conclusion that it is not the child that is the defendant before the bar, but in every case it is society, it is the community, that is the defendant. Therefore the man on the bench comes to be the one to sound the appeal for changes, that the child, that every human being living in that society, might have life in its complete measure. That was the inspiration of our great, dear Judge. A great man, not minding pain but standing up in full courage by the power of his will where duty called him to play his part in the service of the community.

"In the country of our late enemy the work of the Chicago Juvenile Court has been copied and in their

literature we find references to the work done by our friend, Judge Pinckney. The very first thing the new government of that country did was to call to the administration of public affairs a woman charged with the task of looking after the young of the nation.

"It is not death that lays the burden upon us here; it is the perfection of personality. Let us then out of deep observation, out of the teachings of the Nazarene, say, as in the literature of my own religion they say, when one who has been called home by God is to leave us, 'Go thou in peace.' Certainly this life that has come to an end has come to an end in the glory of completeness and the glory of perfection. The great Artist has shaped out the material that Mother Nature has given to him, which we now behold in all beauty and in all loveliness.

"We shall not forget him and in moments of doubt we shall ask him to come and hold communion with us. His spiritual presence will give us courage and renew our faith. His presence will sustain us to carry the burden which he carried so nobly and grandly. We are the richer for his having been with us and we are the richer today for his having gone from us. May his life inspire us to live as he lived, in the loving service of God, in the service of humanity, in the betterment of life, the enlarging of life, the deepening of life. When we go, may it be said of us as we say of him, that he died the death of the righteous; may our latter end be like his, the gateway of peace everlasting."

The final word concerning Judge Pinckney's work was spoken by Jane Addams, without whose wise and skillful touch no work of civic betterment has reached completion in Chicago these many years. Among other things, Miss Addams said:

"I saw Judge Pinckney almost daily for five years when the Juvenile Court was held in the Detention Home Building opposite Hull House. Day by day he seemed to gain in wisdom and understanding, not only of the needs of the child but of the needs of the community as well. He came to the Juvenile Court to succeed the brilliant administration of Judge Mack, and at a moment when the work and scope of the court was greatly enlarged and was therefore being challenged by the self-seeking element of the community. The trial Judge Arnold referred to was almost an attack upon the Juvenile Court itself and the idea it represented.

"It was through Judge Pinckney's efforts that the Mothers' Pension Bill was finally passed; its administration was attended with many difficulties for it could so very easily be turned to political purposes. That law was also the subject of attack. I remember very well the men who came from New York to challenge the very idea of a pension bill and who held their hearings in the Juvenile Court itself. I also remember how very cool and collected Judge Pinckney was, how grounded he was in the belief that if a child needs the care of his mother and if that alone would save him from future difficulties, he must have that care. It seems a simple doctrine now, but was considered very revolutionary then.

"Then I also remember how pleased he was at the passing of the 'Contributing to Delinquency Act' as it was called which enabled him to hold the parent or guardian responsible for certain evils that had befallen the child. He sought in all directions for helps which would make the future of the child secure. In thus administering the Court from the point of view of the child, he was in reality using a new social tool.

"I might tell of his personal relations with many juvenile cases. One day he came to Hull House accompanied by a young lad who had recently arrived from Honolulu and who had wandered more or less steadily from one country to another, possessed by a *wanderlust* which I imagine is driving him still. The Judge said: 'I want you to take him into a club. He has not promised me that he will not wander off again but he has promised that he will tell me before he starts.' 'Sure, Judge, I'll promise you that,' said the boy. He did tell the Judge before he left us a few months later, and gave him his confidence for a good many years, and the Judge had a good deal to do with the kind of places he went to and his attitude toward what was decent in those places.

"I could go into a good many such cases, for the incidents which show his inner temper are the things that one holds in memory. He will stand out as a citizen of the best possible type who undertook a difficult piece of work,—the administration of the first Juvenile Court in the world; if it failed it meant the failure of a new type of judicial procedure and it had great responsibilities on that account. If such a citizen should become self-conscious or self-seeking he was sure to fail. If he approached it as Judge Pinckney did, as a piece of work for the sake of the child, following every clue which the needs of the child seemed to indicate, then he came through not only with safety to himself but with a cargo of valuable experience for those who are building upon those early efforts of his.

Dr. Fisher then read, at the request of Mrs. Pinckney, one of the prayers with which Jenkin Lloyd Jones, for over thirty years Judge Pinckney's pastor, was wont to lift his people above the pain and loneliness of separation and grief:

Infinite Tenderness, All-besetting Love, Source of Truth and Justice, comfort thy children at this hour, strengthen the wounded hearts, give courage to the thwarted spirit. Help us, Father, through our tears, to give thanks for the life so laden with blessed memory, for the life so consecrated by high achievement, touched with such tender memories and kindly deeds.

We thank thee, Father, that thou hast taken home thy child; that after the years of faithful service thou hast given rest; we thank thee for this revelation of thyself. In him has the larger fatherhood been interpreted; in him the love of humanity has interpreted the love of Heaven.

We thank thee, Father, that thou hast brought us into thy presence by this visitation of thine angel whom we call Death. Help us to feel that this life is part and parcel of the unbending and unending world that moves ever toward life, toward more beauty, fuller love.

O thou God of the sunshine, help us to realize that in the dark as in the daylight, thy sun doth shine, and that every cloud witnesseth to the sun beyond. We thank thee that thou hast given thy suffering child rest; that after the day's strenuous task, thou hast given sleep, the sleep that thou dost give to thy beloved.

May the holy remembrances of the past chasten the souls of those present. Strengthen our purposes and renew our hopes of the future, O God. Strengthen, sweeten, cheer us, Father. Help us to ennoble the city he served. Help us to emulate the gentleness he practiced. Help us, O Father, to dedicate ourselves to the service of thy little ones and to the tireless pursuits that were his, so that we may know more and more that common life that binds each to each and all to thee.

Thy peace, Father, thou hast given to thy child. May we know of thy peace this evening, the peace that passeth understanding, the peace that abideth now and forevermore. Amen.

War and Religion

By Charles E. Beals

V.—SOME CORROBORATIVE FACTS.

In support of our hypothesis that the war function should be transformed and the war spirit harnessed to religion's task we may cite certain corroborative facts.

The idea is old and familiar. Oriental philosophy conceived of life as a struggle between antagonistic principles of good and evil. Zoroaster demanded of his followers "unceasing warfare against evil within and without." Plato regarded life as a fierce struggle between the soul of goodness and the soul of badness. To the Stoics life was a stern struggle, a warfare. The Apostle Paul, the church fathers, the mediæval Christians, and later writers have taken delight in metaphors drawn from martial life. Erasmus wrote his "Enchiridion" or "Manual of the Christian Soldier." St. Ignatius Loyola organized his Society of Jesus as a Christian Soldiery. John Bunyan wrote "Holy War." There is this to commend the idea, namely, that when the religious life is presented as a soldiership everybody, young or old, understands what is meant.

Biography adds its testimony. We find the inspiring record of noble-souled men like General Samuel Chapman Armstrong, Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who have rendered signal service to humanity because they carried their soldier habits over from the camp and battlefield to religious and social and philanthropic work. These men found it "jolly to be a mounted soldier in the service of the Lord." As "Lincoln soldiers" they learned how to be Jesus soldiers. Hundreds of similar cases might be cited, covering all the centuries from Tertullian's day to our own.

When one turns to the poets and hymn-writers who have sung of religion as a soldiership, one discovers that it would be easier to fill a volume than to summarize in a single brief paragraph. The early Saxon poets in England, who lived amidst the unceasing din of battle, depicted warriors and war virtues even in their Christian poems and hymns. The hymns which are pitched to a martial note are the ones which nerve us to brave living. Carlyle calls Martin Luther's hymn, "Ein Feste Burg ist Unser Gott," "God Almighty's Grenadier March"; while Heine characterizes the same hymn as "The Marseillaise of the Reformation." Reginald Heber's hymn, "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," has stirred millions of hearts, as have also Samuel Longfellow's "God's Trumpet Wakes a Slumbering Host" and Barin-Gould's "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

The military conception of religion defines the religious life in terms of personal relation. Religion is not dogma, ecclesiasticism, or rite, but the personal relation of a human soul to the divine Leader. If we present religion as a soldiership and define the religious man as one enlisted for service under God, we describe the religious life in personal, vital, practical aspects, instead of in terms of dogmatism, sacerdotalism of mechanical worship.

The strenuous times in which we live demand a militant righteousness. If the mighty evils of our day are to be overcome, and if religion is to appeal successfully to manly men, religion must be held up as a "good war," such a war as will challenge the young idealists and chivalrous Philip Sidneys of our day.

Military science affords many instructive and stimulating lessons from which the religious person may draw wisdom and inspiration. If war should cease this very day, if Othello should march away forever, still the history of warfare would continue to furnish valuable instruction and inspiration, even as vanished knighthood continues to exalt and illustrate certain timeless moral ideals and challenges all coming generations to chivalrous living.

Man was created on a battle plan, physically, mentally, and morally. The physiological processes of anabolism and katabolism, or the building-up and tearing-down processes, contend with one another from the beginning of a life until its end. In germ diseases malignant little invaders invade and attack the tissues. Immediately the benevolent phagocytes grapple with these invaders and battle with them. In cases of injuries and wounds the battle is similar. Thus, in health and disease, war goes on unceasingly in the human body. Thought processes likewise entail struggle and warfare. Thinking along new lines necessitates the breaking of new paths through the brain. All knowledge is gained at the price of victory over resistance. Civilization consists of a victory of new ideas and ideals over older, less perfect, and hostile ones. When we come to man's moral life, we see that virtue consists of victory over badness, the victory of our better selves over our lower natures or impulses. There could be no goodness if there were no badness. Inasmuch, therefore, as warfare is an indispensable factor in man's physical, mental and moral life, is it not probable that man's religious life also is bound up with, and conditioned upon, some sort of warfare?

What say scientists concerning the future of war and the possibility of transforming the war function? In various passages in his writings, John Fiske set forth his views on this question. He prophesied that, little by little, human society would go on to a social state in which military warfare no longer would serve any useful end and therefore would cease. At that stage, sympathy will supersede the war passions. "But," says Fiske, "even when war shall have ceased, there will go on a moral warfare." Turn to the writings of Henry Drummond. His conclusion is that "the animal struggle for life must pass away. And, under the simulus of ideals, man will continually press upwards and find his further evolution in forms of moral, social, and spiritual antagonisms." Thus Fiske and Drummond prophesied that war would give place to moral warfare. And with them agree living anthropologists. For example, Professor Vernon Kellogg says: "No adequate defense in reason has been or can be made for the further continuance of the war institution. Human nature is not immutable but inevitably mutable. A thing may be in it today that was not in it yesterday; and the things that were conspicuous in it yesterday are no longer a part of it today. And just as Evolution made man, with his need, a fighter and taught him war, so now, with the passing of this need, with the substitution of reason and altruism for instinct and egoism, Evolution will make him a man of peace and goodwill."

These are some of the corroboratory facts which encourage us to hold to our hypothesis of war's transformation and of religion as a soldiership.

(*To be continued*)

Echoes

Why do not the moral forces of the world settle on a single cry, and let the earth ring with it: Universal disarmament.

It is the basic material need. Nothing that may be planned can avail us really until this has been accomplished. The serene statement of the Democratic State Convention platform, *"The world must disarm or the world will starve,"* ought to bring us all to our senses.

There it is, stated in black and white by an influential group. Whether or not it is a political move to make this a plank, there it is. Whether Tammany has done it for Tammany, or for the world, there it is, plainly spoken.

But is the New York Democratic Convention the only group which can make its voice effectively felt for this thing? Is it to be the politicians and not the moral forces, as such, who after all are to start the cry? Tammany and not the church! How is it that the church, any church, can hold its silence now and let a state political party come out, for any reason, with the word of power?

How is that the congregations of the churches of every town all over the world are not meeting, apportioning the town, and canvassing it with petitions to every government for universal disarmament? Elections ought to be lost or won upon the pledges of men to work for universal disarmament. How is it that the earth is not rocking with this cry in the throats of every man and woman who has for a moment grasped a sense of the shame of war—"criminal in theory and brutal in practice." What is the matter with the moral forces of the world that they do not speak in one voice the one patent need?

Victor Hugo said that the time would come when a cannon ball would be exhibited in the museums as a curiosity. It will come—if we doubt this we doubt the ultimate sanity of the race, the essential power of the spirit. But is it to come merely as a political process? Is it even to come through a perfect league of nations—if ever we attain one? Are the so-called forces of righteousness to have no part in the consummation? Is the organized church to play no effective part in the beating of swords into plowshares about which its pulpits have for so long sonorously read?

* * *

At a dinner recently I heard a charming woman say:

"Now I give you all fair warning. If there is another war, I'm against it. I am a conscientious objector to any war, from now on. Pro-Esquimaux, pro-Fiji—begin to name me now! First, last, always, with every nation, I'm against war."

"What about a war of defense?" she was asked by a man.

"Honestly, aren't you clever enough to think of any other possible solution?" she parried.

"My dear madam," he cried, "you must remember that we live in a materialistic world!"

"Do we?" she said.

* * *

Then she looked pensively at her place card—a Japanese woman riding in a flowery 'rickshaw.

"I do hope," she said, "that the United States will never go to war with Japan. I should so hate finding all such adorable Japanese decorations seditious."

* * *

I was reminded of a recent visit to the Wisconsin state capitol. In the supreme court room the walls are of exquisite marble, the blocks cut and split so as to form beautiful panels. A guide stood pointing to the marble back of the desk.

"That marble," said he, "came from France."

"And where," asked some one, "did the marble of the walls come from?"

Said he: "From Germany. But I don't hardly think it was mined there. I think it was mined in Italy, and then shipped into Germany, and then exported."

* * *

The following extract is from a letter written by the wife of a college professor in the Middle West:

In reading the literature sent out by the Fellowship [of Reconciliation] it all seems so inspiring and so clear. I'm filled with hope, and mention the subject to some dear and honored friend, only to be met with a belief in universal military "service," or with the panacea of the league, or with the settled indifference to war as an inevitable necessity. And then the thought of what may await our children, if this horrible militaristic trend be not averted, is like a cold weight on my heart. I feel smothered in the feathery optimism and cheerfulness and quiescence of the dear, good folk in church and school who would have us smile into the face of the war monster.

* * *

Let it be repeated as often as possible:

Two great educational books of the time are: "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," by John Maynard Keynes, and "The Biology of War," by G. F. Nicolai.

ZONA GALE.

A Voice from Sweden

To Those Who Will Start a New Life Not Only in Thoughts But Also Practically in Actions and Deeds

The whole world is crying for Justice, Righteousness and Love! All are tired, tormented till the last and are longing for rest. Hatred, violence, civil war and other crimes are raging over the whole world and there is no end to be seen. There are classes, parties, nationalities, races, religions and superstitions dividing up and separating the people one from another, dividing the body of mankind with the greatest possible tortures.

There are in every political party, in every idealistic movement no doubt many sincere people. The Eternal Truth, the teaching of Jesus, is cited everywhere and applied in every speech and appeal . . . but *only by words! Never by actions and by deeds!!!*

We believe in *God-Love-Wisdom* and the teaching of Jesus to be *the way*.

We believe that God's commandments were written in every heart sincerely seeking for Truth.

We see that *Love* is the one foundation of *Life* and Wisdom is the manifestation of Love in Life.

Freedom is the only condition of Life in which men can be able to express Love and Wisdom.

The external forms of life are only expressions of the internal, spiritual essence of man; the form by itself has no value.

We want a spiritual regeneration, which is like the physical birth of man's body, quite individual, coming out from the inmost of the man.

We believe any faith *without action* to be a *dead* faith!

We appeal to those who would like to try to *live* the principles of the true religion of *love,* who are ready to sacrifice their old beliefs, superstitions and old forms of life, to all who are tired of speaking and *wish to start to live.*

We appeal to all who really believe in Freedom, not only for themselves, but for *all,* to whatever creed and belief they may belong.

We appeal to those who look at the differences of classes, nationalities, colors, races, religions to be foolish superstitions separating men.

There is no doubt every one can live this *new life* by himself (remaining where he or she is), but since by our own experience we know how difficult it is to live, even with one's own countrymen, quite isolated and not to be understood by anyone, therefore we propose our spiritual brethren *to unite* spiritually or materially to start to live together a *new* common life.

We do not forsee any form of this *new life,* neither do we intend to make any projects or "organize" in the old sense colonies or communities.

We do not doubt that, *if only men are there,* all material conditions will be found: as money, land, implements and other things wanted, but first must be found *men* looking for the Kingdom of God, because it cannot be established otherwise.

We know there are very few people who are really seeking, but there are in every country, and we know personally many of them in different countries who are *ready* to *start.*

We have no desire to plan or project anything, because we do not want to hinder and limit the Freedom we believe in for everyone.

There is no doubt that the greatest simplicity in Life is and will be a sequence of our Freedom—work on land, different handicrafts, but it does not mean that we are limiting or binding people in their mode of life.

We shall be always very glad to serve with any information wanted by our spiritual friends.

NICOLAI SHEIERMAN.

Hovsta st—Sweden.

May We Trust the Medical Profession?

At a recent meeting of the medical society of a certain state here in the middle west, the assembled profession was treated to a clear-sighted and frank analysis of the defects in organization and operation of the army medical corps during the late war. The speaker then went on to point out how these defects might be remedied and the whole organization be made to work more harmoniously, smoothly and efficiently. In this paper and in the discussion which followed there was a conspicuous absence of the now extinct superstition that the late war is the last war. It was assumed almost without question that more wars were coming and that reorganization of the army medical corps and of the reserve medical corps should be completed promptly.

All such unqualified utterances as these leave us with a feeling of distrust toward the medical profession. It seems to us improper that the medical profession should have to be reminded by the laity that its function is preventive as well as curative. It must be admitted that among the causes of morbidity and mortality is war. It is of course perfectly proper to talk of organization for the efficient care of the wounded and sick soldiers but to let any opportunity pass of insisting that the profession should actively combat war as a social (or anti-social) institution, is to deprive preventive medicine of its rightful share of attention. If any of the laity, for example anti-vivisectionists, anti-vaccinationists, Christian Scientists or the like, were to try to cast a shadow over the aspirations of preventive medicine, such as is not infrequently thrown by the doctors themselves, we would find the journals of the latter full of denunciations.

Not long before the meeting in question, there appeared in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* an article by Surgeon General Ireland entitled "The physical and hygienic benefits of military training as demonstrated by the war." To thoughtful persons such a title carries with it no misunderstandings. They see just what Dr. Ireland says and they know that it is true. But when we realize that most persons are not thoughtful as demonstrated by the war, we see in such a title a grave public danger and we are led to suggest a longer but less misleading title, namely, "The physical and hygienic benefits which may be regarded as offsetting in some degree the disadvantages of military training in that they give us a hint as to the possibilities in civil life." In the eighteenth century such a title would not have been considered a particularly long one but, at the present time, our mania for "snappy" titles leads us to sacrifice clarity for dramatic effect. The "advantages" from the point of view of the medical man who temporarily at least limits his vision, are very obvious. The disadvantages of military training are well known to the readers of UNITY and need only mention, familiarity with means and methods of destruction, separation from normal social control, superimposed discipline and the like. These things are not what we desire to emphasize at the present time but rather the fact that military training is not a branch of preventive medicine. It is in fact quite the reverse. It is the deliberate attempt to create a machine for the destruction of human life. It may make use of hygiene and so forth but only for the purpose of making its destruction the more complete.

Of course it is urged that military training is not war. Not in the dictionary perhaps but in life the two are inseparable.

Dr. Ireland's article is illuminating because it makes the thoughtful think. What we need is an improvement of civilian efficiency brought about by the public health authorities not through the method of military despotism but through that of efficient education. If education will not work then nothing will for we cannot be made true worshipers of Aesculapius through fear either of the sergeant or of the enemy any more than we can be made good Christians through fear. Our motives must be spontaneous and rational or the results will be superficial and worthless.

JOHN J. JOHNS.

In proportion as we love truth more and victory less we shall become anxious to know what it is that leads our opponents to think as they do. We shall begin to suspect that the pertinacity of belief exhibited by them must result from something which we have not perceived. And we shall aim to supplement the portion of truth we have found with the portion found by them.—*Herbert Spencer.*

A Book a Week

MARY BADOLLET POWELL MEMORIAL

VANITAS. By Paul Eldridge. The Stratford Company, Boston.

Paul Eldridge is a pessimist. He admits it, never conceals it. Life has failed to intoxicate him. He has sought beauty and truth,—and found them rarely. He has been disappointed. He has come to the conclusion that "life is mud." And his one consoling thought is that "the sun is shining upon it" and that "it creates dreams and hopes." The publishers tell us that "irony and pity, therefore, are the dominating notes in these poems."

The pessimist is a problem; he challenges the world, rejects it, scorns it. He does not like life as it is; he would that it were something else. Some pessimists are optimists in disguise; some pessimists hope for better things and believe in the possibility of realizing them here and now; in the possibility, in a word, of creating Heaven on earth.

Paul Eldridge, probably, does not hope for very much. The problem of life, as he sees it, is too complex to be anything but a shabby joke. He wonders why God made man, and he supplies a bitter answer to the eternal question. We are powerless to change our natures, impotent in a horrid world. That is one side of the shield. The other side is the love of beauty, the appreciation of fellowship and the rebellion against the System that oppresses and mocks us that characterizes all this poet's work.

Critical consideration of this book must begin with a notice of the fact that this is a first book; by the time the author is ready to bring out another volume his art will have matured and ripened. Paul Eldridge is so sensitive, so skillful, so impressionable that he may be said to be "of the very stuff of true poets"; his future work will be vastly more imposing than that which he has already completed and from which "Vanitas" has been culled.

Here are seventy-seven free verse poems, more or less directly descended from the French school of modern Symbolists, yet highly individual in conception and execution,—they are not derivative in content, at least; the form is another matter. Each number has been worked out with a certain mathematical niceness, each word counts, there is no waste of words or symbols. Witness the first lines in the book:

My thoughts are little clowns.
Irreverent and merry,
That stick their tongues
To Sun and Moon,
And laugh at Men and Gods.

This example will serve to show the model on which the greater part of the book has been made; a fairly conventional free verse style, well handled, carefully framed and balanced and poised. The content of the poems is much more interesting than the medium of its expression.

Paul Eldridge is conducting a burial service; hope is dead. He issues an

INVITATION TO A FUNERAL.

Tomorrow I bury my dead hopes.
Tomorrow at high noon,
When all things are flushed with life,
I shall bury them.
I have stretched them all out,
Side by side,
Delicate, exquisite hopes.
I have caressed them for the last time.
They lie so still and white,—
They seem asleep,
Dreaming of quiet lakes,
And thin long shadows of trees. . . .
Tomorrow I shall dig a very deep grave
Within my heart,
And bury my dead hopes,
Gently, tenderly.
I shall sing a requiem for them,
Low and sad,
Like the dream of a desolate wind.
I shall throw heavy shovels
Of mud and pebbles
Upon them,
And fill their grave
To the brim.
I shall smoothen it
With the back of my shovel. . . .
I shall plant tall cypresses.
Sleepy owls shall perch upon them.
Passing winds shall pout their thin white lips
Against their leaves,
And whistle
The endless song of endless misery. . . .

My friends and relatives—
Particularly those who killed my dreams—
Are cordially invited
To attend the funeral services.
They need not drag with them
The awful burden of a tear.

Frankly, we think this poem was written in the spirit of mockery; the author has his tongue in his cheek, he is not deceiving himself. If his hopes are the dying kind of hopes, they do not merit such a nice funeral. What he is really doing is making fun of "those who (would have) killed my dreams (if I had allowed them)." No man,—certainly no poet,—capable of realizing that a dream may die, capable of sorrowing over such a death, would ever allow a dream to be killed. In brief, it is not true; hope is not dead; hope cannot die.

What Paul Eldridge wants is a reaction against the sick and sugary optimism of:

God's in his Heaven,
All's well with the world.

He sees that as long as war and struggle, suffering and greed, misery and death exist in the world, all is not well. He is the good physician, applying the acid of sarcasm to the social sore; he is the surgeon, cutting out the mawkish, maudlin sentimentality of the weak and foolish; he is the bitter critic of life, demanding a better show; he is the prod, the goad, the gadfly, crying, "More, more; better, better! Do not rest in the wayside inns of the soul! March on! March on! March on!"

He believes in "shattering this sorry scheme of things entire." He rebels against the whole System; he would break it and stamp upon the fragments. He has a vision of man as man might be. He believes in man become God, creating, ruling, singing. He hates man the slave,—and pities him. He challenges the satisfied and comfortable; he is a personified thunderbolt, withering the false and vile.

We shall have to hurry if we are to reach the goal Paul Eldridge desires for us. We shall have to keep moving. He will never be satisfied with anything but the best; he will never be satisfied with anything. But he will serve us well, this cynical brother with the poet's guile. He will make us keep on trying; we can never sit down by the road and weep while he is in the neighborhood. JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

THE STUDY TABLE

Applied Psychology

EMPLOYMENT PSYCHOLOGY. Henry C. Link. New York:1920. The Macmillan Co. 16mo, pp. xii, 440.

The feeling gains that we must have fewer misfits. With the ever increasing sharpness of competition and the industrialization of the world, it is more and more important that every man should produce the most possible, in the happiest and easiest fashion. It was not formerly of much consequence if they attempted to fit square pegs into round holes, or vice versa, but such efforts are now more and more tragic. While we rebel against limitations of independent action and standardization that tends to make us mere machines—or even cogs in a great machine—we realize the inevitableness of the conditions of the day. In actual business they are seeking to avoid the mistakes of the past and secure helpers who are sure to perform the work for which they are hired. Dr. Link, in his "Employment Psychology," outlines what has so far been done to test ability for definite lines of work, by scientific psychological methods. His book is practical and he shows how ideas upon the subject have taken shape and how tests that shall actually meet their aim have been evolved. The bulk of the book is given to the two subjects Psychological Tests and Trade Tests; briefer treatment is given to Selection and Retention, and Conclusions. Tests must vary with the work to be done and must be appropriate to it. They can only be known to be good when they have been applied to workers doing actual work and the results carefully correlated with achievement. In other words the tests must themselves be tested before they can be used with result. There must, too, be found an objective or impersonal measure of work done by members of a working group, so that a reasonable expectation may be gained. When tests have thus been worked out, tested, and correlated, they may be properly used in selecting from applicants those that are likely to succeed. The work should be as carefully studied as the worker. When both work and worker have been properly studied, then the best results will be secured, in bringing them into relation. The usual "trade tests" and the rough-and-ready personal judgment of employers and managers are unreliable. That the selection of workers in a scientific manner will become more frequent is undoubted. That such accurate judgment and assignment of employees is primarily dictated by the selfishness of the employer —who is seeking the highest efficiency, with the least waste, at the least cost—may be readily admitted; it looks like cold and heartless exploitation. In the long run the system will work out to the benefit of the worker as well, as it will result in putting each worker at the job, where he can reasonably count upon continuity of adequate employment. In the appendix some ninety-one different series of tests for many different forms of employment are given.

THE STANDARD EDUCATIONAL TESTS. M. E. Haggerty.
THE OTIS GROUP INTELLIGENCE TESTS.
THE HANDSCHIN MODERN LANGUAGE TESTS.

All from the World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson.

Ever since the "Courtis Standard Practice Tests in Arithmetic" appeared, we have watched the effort to develop standard tests in school subjects with interest. The Courtis tests were practical, they clearly achieved their aim, they readily approved themselves to the child. They have had a deserved success. To devise tests in other fields has not been easy and progress was slow until the war came. The necessity of testing individuals psychologically, for intelligence, quickness, and achievement became then apparent and tests were applied to the men enlisted or drafted as soldiers on a prodigious scale. The result has been felt in the schools and numbers of systems suggested by the war experience have been developed. The World Book Company has shown especial interest in the subject and has recently brought out three new series of tests—"The Standard Educational Tests," arranged and standardized under direction of Prof. Haggerty of the University of Minnesota, the "Otis Group Intelligence Tests" and the "Handschin Modern Language Tests." The first two of these have been fairly tested and proved. They are intended to test the child's achievement in reading, his knowledge of things, his quickness to grasp and apply an idea, his clearness of thought, his recognition of relations, his readiness to do just what he is told. Through them the child's powers are demonstrated and recorded; his position with reference to others of his age is made known. If a series of tests is adequate its showing must coincide in general with the child's record up to the time of testing. It is this correlation between the tests and actual proved achievement that demonstrates the real value of the tests. When a set of tests has once been devised and stands comparison with achievement, its evidence in any individual case would be more weighty than the child's school record. Tests should analyze and locate ability; they should show whether a child is precocious or backward and in what degree; they should furnish the basis for special treatment adapted to the individual need. The "Handschin Modern Language Tests" appear to be still in the experimental stage. To a cursory inspection they seem little more than an ordinary examination. How far they actually analyze and locate ability will come out with application. The tests so far prepared apply to French and Spanish for first and second year students and cover silent reading, conversation, and grammar. They appear to meet the fundamental requirement that the student *must* clearly understand what he says or reads.

FREDERICK STARR.

A HERO.

He sang of joy; whate'er he knew of sadness
  He kept for his own heart's peculiar share;
So well he sang, the world imagined gladness
  To be sole tenant there.

For dreams were his, and in the dawn's fair shining,
  His spirit soared beyond the mounting lark;
But from his lips no accent of repining
  Fell when the days grew dark.

And though contending long dread Fate to master,
  He failed at last her enmity to cheat;
He turned with such a smile to face disaster
  That he sublimed defeat.

Century Magazine. —*Florence Earle Coates.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

ACTION LODGE FAMINE RELIEF FUND.

[We are indebted to F. W. Pethick Lawrence for the following account by the Rev. Frederick Hankinson of London of his work with the Friends' Relief Mission in Hungary.—Ed.]

June 8th, 1920.
Hotel Hungaria, Budapest.

At last I am in the beautiful city of Budapest and I feel at once amongst old friends. It seems like a second home. I cannot describe my feelings when the train crossed the Austrian frontier and I realized I was in Hungary. How my thoughts went back to happy pre-war visits, to the friendship and goodwill extended to Hungarians in London during the war, and now I was actually experiencing the fulfilment of my prayers and hopes of the last six years—for I was in Hungary. The countryside looked so beautiful and inviting and the crops promised to give a good harvest yield. Then I got my first glimpse of the broad Danube and recalled my voyage ten years ago on its waters from Linz to Budapest. The Hungarians on the train with sad wistful eyes looked across the water to the opposite bank which was now part of Czecho-Slovakia.

My excitement was intense as I caught sight of the fires and homes of Budapest, and I wondered what great change I would find there. Whatever changes there were in the life and position of the people, the old Hungarian welcome remained for at the station a group of friends received me and to my embarrassment I was presented with two bouquets of flowers. My trunks were at once put into our Mission car and after many greetings I departed from the station.

At night Budapest is so very quiet. Few people walk in the streets as it is better to be indoors except in the frequented parts. There is little lighting in the streets and the tram cars stop running very early.

There is very great poverty in certain areas and owing to the terrible overcrowding during the Rumanian occupation, when many folks were living 10, 12 and more even in a room, tuberculosis is very serious. But a Committee for combating tuberculosis in Hungary, consisting of all the leading doctors and specialists, has been formed. On this Committee I am the representative of our Friends' Relief Mission and already I find it most interesting and doing even now magnificent work in the way of opening sanatoria, aiding outdoor dispensaries and hospitals, giving grants of food, arranging to send into the country children from homes where there is a likelihood of infection, etc. I am delighted to be associated with this work and it will give me much to do in visiting these various institutions.

Tomorrow I go up to Vienna on an important matter in connection with this work, so you see I am in harness and have my own office desk.

Many friends call to see me for before my arrival all the Budapest papers had a short notice about my international work in London and my interest in Hungarians during the war. Here are very many refugees from the parts of Hungary now occupied by the Rumanians, Jugo-Slavs and Czecho-Slovaks. They create a very serious problem, not only for the present hour of suffering but I fear for the future.

On Sunday I was at our Unitarian Church here and there was a crowded congregation, many standing at the door. Of course I was here in the midst of old friends, some having studied at our two Theological colleges, or at our Channing House School, or having been visitors in our midst. At the close of the service the minister read various letters of greetings which I had brought and the congregation which included some of the best known citizens of Budapest, were deeply moved to hear of the goodwill of my people in England. Then he told of my friendship for the Hungarian Unitarians and other Hungarians during the war. Many people in the congregation were in tears. Afterwards I spoke and begged them not to thank me but that increasing body of men and women in every land to which I belonged, who during the war had not believed every lie told about the former enemy countries, who tried to befriend the strangers within the gate, and who sought to carry goodwill and brotherhood about with them. Mr. Jozan, our Unitarian minister, interpreted my words, and at the close three small children presented me with bunches of flowers. To me the greetings after the service were a symbol of goodwill and friendship, for there is no hatred at all here towards the English. We have the greatest and finest opportunity to help Hungary to become a great nation once more, to retain her firm friendship, if wisdom reigns in our politics and our diplomacy. One could write very much on this subject but at present it is not advisable. Here we eagerly await the report of the Labor Delegation which recently visited Hungary.

It is very sad to meet these brave people who are refugees from Transylvania. I was introduced to some of them who were Unitarians, and I found members of our Church were sheltering them. This sort of thing is going on in all countries. I am very anxious to help them and I would like a special appeal to be made in my own church papers, *The Inquirer* and *The Christian Life*, and also the two American papers, *The Christian Register* and UNITY. While I cannot possibly assist every case of these Transylvanian refugees I do feel I ought and must look after those who have a special claim upon me and my community. In this way I could further the work being done in this city for these distressed folks who have lost all. Here are young men who have left their parents and native land and cannot return for the present. As I am here until the end of September, I do trust something will be done, and whatever money comes to me will be distributed in conjunction with Professor Boris and Mr. Jozan and others.

The food situation here is not so serious as in Vienna, and at present the vegetables and fruits are most plentiful and cheap. It seems at times as if Hungary were a land of cherries, for one sees the most beautiful and tempting baskets everywhere, in shops and in the streets and the people eat them as they walk along. In the hotels there is plenty of food of every kind but bread is rationed along with other foods, as is also tobacco. To me the bread is very disagreeable being of a very poor quality but if there is a good harvest yield, then the mainstay of the people's food will greatly improve. Everywhere there are signs in the faces of the working people of the hard times through which the nation has passed.

Only those who have visited Budapest can realize its beautiful situation with the great rocky hill rising out of the Danube, the public buildings facing the river front. As I am writing this letter I look out on the broad river, with the boats passing to and fro, and with the trees and gardens of the former Imperial palace in the background.

I am very well and as you can all imagine very happy to be here and assisting these people who have always shown a friendly spirit towards England and America.

Yours sincerely,
FRED. HANKINSON.

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THE CHILD'S INQUIRY.

1. *Son.* How big was Alexander, Pa,
That people call him great?
Was he, like old Goliah, tall?
His spear a hundredweight?
Was he so large that he could stand
Like some tall steeple high,
And while his feet were on the ground
His hands could touch the sky?

2. *Fath.* Oh, no, my child, about as large
As I or Uncle James.
'Twas not his stature made him great,
But greatness of his name.

3. *Son.* His name so great? I know 'tis long,
But easy quite to spell;
And more than half a year ago
I knew it very well.

4. *Fath.* I mean, my child, his actions were
So great he got a name
That everybody speaks with praise,
That tells about his fame.

5. *Son.* Well, what great actions did he do?
I want to know it all.

6. *Fath.* Why, he it was that conquered Tyre,
And levelled down her wall,
And thousands of her people slew,
And then to Persia went,
And fire and sword on every side
Through many a region sent.
A hundred conquered cities shone
With midnight burnings red;
And strewed o'er many a battle ground,
A thousand soldiers bled.

7. *Son.* Did killing people make him great?
Then why was Abdel Young,
Who killed his neighbor, training day,
Put into jail and hung?
I never heard them call him great.

8. *Fath.* Why, no, 'twas not in war,
And him that kills a single man
His neighbors all abhor.

9. *Son.* Well, then, if I should kill a man,
I'd kill a hundred more;
I should be GREAT, and not get hung,
Like Abdel Young before.

10. *Fath.* Not so, my child, 'twill never do.
The Gospel bids be kind.

11. *Son.* Then they that kill and they that praise,
The Gospel do not mind.

12. *Fath.* You know, my child, the Bible says
That you must always do
To other people as you wish
To have them do to you.

13. *Son.* But Pa, did Alexander wish
That some strong man would come
And burn his house and kill him, too,
And do as he had done?
And everybody calls him GREAT
For killing people so!
Well, now, what right he had to kill,
I should be glad to know.
If one should burn the buildings here
And burn the folks within,
Would anybody call him great
For such a wicked thing?

—*Selected.*

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